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F R I E N D S H I P: K

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A
S A T I R E.

——— *Some* loose the bands
Of ancient FRIENDSHIP, cancel nature's laws
For pageantry and tawdry gewgaws.———

——— *THIS* trait'rous *wretch*
Betrays———and acts the basest things
To be stil'd honorable.

Mr. JOHN PHILIPS's Cyder. Book I.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. RIDLEY, in St. James's-Street.

MDCCLXIII.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

F R I E N D S H I P

S A T I R E

— show forth the beauties
Of ancient friendship, cannot without laws
For greatness and lasting glory
— This virtuous course
— and all the rest of things
To be well possible.

Book I. of the Poem of the Poet.



39.
4. 13.
357.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. B. in the Strand.

MDCCLXX.

[Price One Shilling and Sixpence.]

A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THAT the most distinguished virtues are productive, when abused, of the severest evils, is an observation founded on experience. Fatal consequences flow particularly from the abuse of the amiable quality of FRIENDSHIP; a quality, which, tho' possessed by few, is pretended to by all.

FRIENDSHIP, tho' highly applauded by almost every writer of every age, has rather been the subject of loose and periodical essays, of moral sentiments incidentally scattered throughout a work, than the subject of a more enlarged piece.

The intention, therefore, of the following undertaking, is to delineate FRIENDSHIP in the most striking colors, by a display of the several virtues necessarily uniting in her *genuine* character, as well as by a representation of those complicated vices, obviously inherent in that *false* one, which her enemies usurp. As an instance of the latter, the picture of CLUDIO is exhibited at the end.

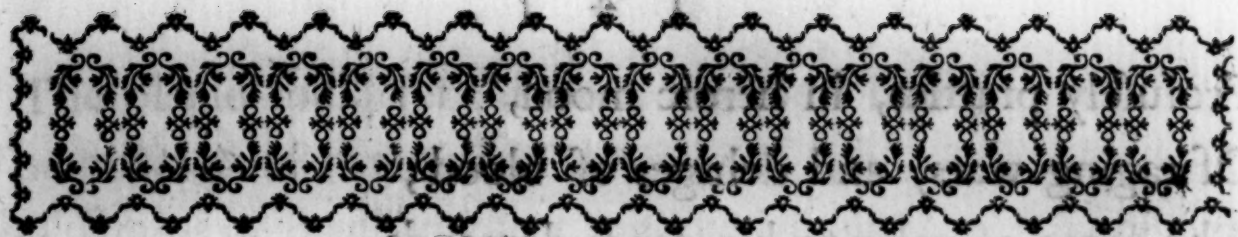
For the more particular description of pretended FRIENDSHIP, as influencing the various degrees of men, it is proposed to attempt a *second* part, if this *first* should be happy enough to meet with the public approbation.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

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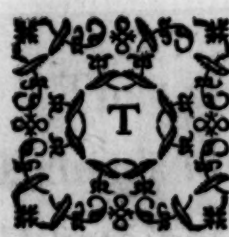
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FRIENDSHIP:

A

S A T I R E.

 IS strange thy sacred name, O VIRTUE, draws
From ev'ry tongue the tribute of applause,
While vice insidious rules with full control,
The fest'ring passions of the captive soul;
What tho' thy beauty with superior rays
Pours o'er the dazzled eye its heav'nly blaze,
Th' exalted ardor rarely can impart
A genial warmth to animate the heart.

The ranting bully, who absorb'd in fear,
Will start and shudder, ere the foe is near,

A

Profusely

Profusely prattles, in heroic mood,
 Of raging wars, and deluges of blood;
 The fame of valor to his deeds demands
 By thousands prov'd, who fell beneath his hands;
 Ask the fond wretch, where glow'd the dread alarm?
 Some distant RHODES beheld his conqu'ring arm.

The slave, who boasts with learning's sweets o'erspread,
 A mass of letter'd lumber in his head,
If lucid intervals proclaim him fit
 For gleams of satire, and the flash of wit,
 Soars on the wings of vanity, like BROWN,
 And braves in various themes the critic's frown;
 Aspires in deep philosophy to shine,
 TRAGEDIAN, CENSOR, MORALIST, DIVINE;
 The flow'ry paths of poesy explores,
 And opes fair harmony's mellifluous stores;
 Extended genius! who so much canst bawl
 On ev'ry subject, and——canst fail in ALL.

The

The placid soul, retir'd from scenes of strife,
 Who tastes pure raptures in the vale of life,
 Tho' strains of meek content are ever hung
 On his warm lip, and vibrate on his tongue,
 Tho' black corruption feels th' indignant show'r,
 Which spurns the crimes of ministerial power,
 When party lifts him to the height of state,
 Springs to the court, and triumphs with the great;
 Like those, he censur'd, idolizes pelf,
 And sells his country to enrich himself.

Thus mean self-flattery, with delusive plan,
 Extends her empire o'er the heart of man;
 Where boasted virtues on the surface roll
 Revers'd that actuate, and pervade the soul.

Nor less the specious vanities of art
 Their epidemic rage o'er states impart,
 Stamp with full glow the genius of the realm,
 From peasants in the dust, to rulers at the hel

Big

Big with importance when the sons of *Spain*
 Vaunt *humble* worth in magisterial strain,
 The moral tongue belies a fordid breast
 With envy, jealousy, and pride possess'd.
 Mean *Holland's* gravity confirms the knave,
 The *Gaul's* politeness—an insidious slave,
 For ever chatt'ring adulation's show'r
 To gaping fools, he means but to devour.
 Lur'd by this bait, in many an *UTRECHT* peace
 Has conqu'ring England bad the battle cease,
 Her laurels wither'd, and her conquests sold.
 To hostile fraud, confirm'd by hostile gold.

See from the *TWEED* exhaustless squadrons roam,
 To feast in England's hospitable home,
 Fell vulturs screaming o'er the golden fruit,
 Which drops luxuriant from the shrine of *BUT*;
 These *plaided* heroes, who rebellious stood
 To drench their falchions in a sister's blood,
 (Whose recent horrors stamp'd on memory live,
 And sleep awhile more fiercely to revive,)

Tho'

Tho' proudly they defy'd a GEORGE's throne,
Now first in loyalty a BRUNSWIC own.

But chief THAT virtue, whose abuse we find
Stamps the severest evils on mankind,
A mad abuse, which rankling in the breast
Makes worth and goodness but a standing jest,
(Such the dread influence o'er the human brain,
When fashion spreads her fascinating reign)
A virtue, fondly tho' the slave admire,
Which shines on folly's soul with faintest fire;
Whom with exhaustless quiver vice pursues,
Still vents her malice, and her rage renews;
Whom wretched miscreants dare to call their own,
Insult *her* person, and usurp *her* throne,
Creatures by guilt, and baseness damn'd to fame,
Who sink the goddess to an empty name;
THIS virtue chief, a prey to treach'rous wiles,
Spreads o'er the soul her unavailing smiles;
To shameless deeds by impious hands betray'd,
That loath the substance, but adore the shade.

Veil'd

Veil'd by her sacred blaze dishonest Art
 Looks honest goodness to th' unguarded heart;
 Who, steel'd to ill, the cause of right defends,
 Is snatch'd at once to gild corruptions ends;
 Who first by reason planted in the mind
 Is virtue's self to gen'rous love refin'd,
 By sordid vileness sinks, a foul pretence
 To snare the paths of virgin-innocence;
 To load with misery unsuspecting youth,
 And varnish falsehood with the gloss of truth;
 To tear each link of social peace away,
 And deal destruction in the face of day:
 —Loose, boundless satire, loose th' indignant stream;
 Fir'd is the muse, for FRIENDSHIP is her theme.

The POW'RS of old with unremitting plan
 Intent, and watchful o'er the good of man,
 To heal with sov'reign balm the pangs of strife,
 And pour rich transports on a fleeting life,
 To cheer the gloom of passion's winding maze,
 Where the tir'd restless mind bewilder'd strays,

The

The wretched principle of self control,
 Which damps each nobler purport of the soul,
 To lift with charity's expanded grace,
 That makes man smile a blessing to his race,
 Fair Charity, which reason's dictates call,
 A stream of purest love diffus'd o'er all,
 Stamp'd an angelic form with vital flame,
 Sent from the skies, and gave her FRIENDSHIP's name.

Crown'd with their smiles the fair Perfection shone,
 Each fav'ring godhead mark'd her for his own:
Pallas inspir'd with conscious pride displays
 The full-blown dignity of wisdom's blaze;
 For well she knew, however fops pretend
 The social tye, no fool could be a friend:
 To gild the beams of wisdom next she join'd,
 Th' intrepid vigor of a gen'rous mind;
 A glowing mind to warm a thinking head,
 Th' unbounded horror of disgrace to spread;
 At virtue's call to hurl resentment's dart,
 And crush each *servil* insolence of heart.

The

The faultless beauties of a lovely frame
 Extensive gifts by *Venus* show'r'd proclaim;
 There blooms the softness of the vernal rose,
 The lillies here their snowy pride disclose.
 — Attractive charms superior rev'rence move;
 What the eye hates, the soul can never love;
 When matchless beauty decks the virtuous Fair,
 How great the pow'r *AMANDA* may declare.

To crown this picture of celestial birth
 With all that's beauty, elegance, and worth,
 The rest profusely from their stores impart
 Each charm to please the eye, and lure the heart;
 All show'r'd the polish'd grace, which most they lov'd,
 And *Jove* consenting with a smile approv'd.

HERE might the muse uncheck'd by reason's strain
 Trip smartly wanton o'er description's plain;
 Hunt flow'ry epithets with useless plan,
 And in the fritt'ring bard consume the man;

How

From simple *SAUL a solemn stiffness steal,
 And proudly prove how well—she *cannot* feel;
 To lilliputian thoughts BIG numbers fit,
 And murder reason with the glare of wit;
 Might make, like SCOTT, another's fancies known,
 And pertly call the *pretty things* her own;
 Or in *starch* compliments pedantic creep,
 Like MALLET's poppy chime, inspiring sleep,
 'That roams for excellence a distant pole,
 To fix the stranger in a *Scotsman's* soul.

Still your dull verse, ye slaves, to flatt'ry fit,
 Still prostitute to pow'r your truth, and wit;
 The GEN'ROUS bosom dares with scorn behold
 Corruption's baseness, tho' enshrined in gold;
 And loaths the fordid, sacrilegious deed,
 Which gives on grandeur's altar Worth to bleed.

Fast by the *gentle* fountain's *verdant* side,
 Where with *low* murmurs the *slow* waters glide,

* A thing some time since published, called, "The cure of Saul."

HERE might the muse in soft *ambrosial* bow'rs
 The *goddess* seat on lap of *breathing* flow'rs ;
 (Her cheek more *lovely* than the *lively* bloom,
 Her bosom *sweeter* than the *sweet* perfume.)
 And for improvement with judicious care
 Pilfer *luxuriant nothings* from VOLTAIRE.
 Here might *she* sit, the pretty *smirking* grace,
 That reigns presiding o'er th' enchanted place ;
 To swell the circling transports of the scene,
 The earthly visit of *this precious* queen
 Should happen (Muse, *remember well the day,*)
Just in the middle of the month of May.

But as those halcyon hours are known no more,
 When Friendship trip'd familiar on our shore,
 Since from the selfish bosom rudely hurl'd,
 She scarcely boasts a corner of the world,
 Quit we the airy whims of fancy's brain,
 And humbly drop to truth's severer strain.

On

On prosp'rous themes let *courtly* bards rehearse
 Smooth *Panegyric's* melody of verse;
 With *strength enervate* sound the WAR's alarms,
 And mighty conquests won by England's arms;
 Or if meek clemency delight their mind,
 Draw all those conquests to the foe *resign'd*;
 Sure in the hopes, whate'er their lack of brains,
 To get a neat snug pension for their pains;
 Tho' *M—phy* mourn for nonsense *rudely writ*
 A paltry recompence of *party-wit*.

Degraded FRIENDSHIP's ravish'd joys demand
 A weight of sorrow from reflection's hand;
 So few the votaries, which her levee grace,
 So droops *her* soul, like statesmen out of place.
 How vain the blessings, she around diffus'd,
 Her smiles are hated, and her pow'r abus'd;
 Man, shameless man, abjures the sacred prize,
 Man for whose bliss she left her native skies.

Despondent o'er the melancholy theme
 Sad elegy should weep a copious stream;
 Slow step, by step, should stalk th' alternate muse,
 (Our *woeful* bards alternate numbers choose)
 And drawling out the moral leaden lay,
 Evap'rate all the majesty of GRAY.

Not but the freeborn soul, whose genuine fire
 Dares honest virtue ev'n in rags admire,
 Spite of opposing fools who loves to dwell,
 When such th' attendant, in a straw-roof'd cell,
 Flush'd with the joys, which conscious goodness brings,
 Who spurns the gorgeous palaces of kings,
 Who dares alike with calm contemptuous frown,
 In grandeur's gewgaws trick'd, at vice look down,
 And fighting o'er the gilded pangs of sin,
 Hug the sweet sun-shine of content within;
 The free-born soul to FRIENDSHIP's sacred cause
 Shall raise the streaming incense of applause,
 And to the queen of virtues ever true,
 On FRIENDSHIP show'r the praise to FRIENDSHIP due:

Here

HERE too shall satire urge his boundless course,
 Enlarge his fervor, and repeat his force;
 High o'er the venom of his manly line
 Shall FRIENDSHIP's milder panegyric shine;
 Who forms for HER the panegyric plan,
 Unerring strokes of censure aims at man.

Hail! sacred good by partial heav'n design'd,
 To purge the morals, and reform the mind,
 Who richly streaming with angelic love
 Mak'st man congenial with the choir above,
 For sure, where FRIENDSHIP sheds her lucid glow,
 She rears the fruits of happiness below;
 Bids social life on filken pinions roll,
 And wakes the finer feelings of the soul;
 O'er horror's brow, exhales a vivid bloom,
 And brightens melancholy's midnight gloom;
 While round, her animating smiles impart
 A paradise to charm the virtuous heart.

When

When solitude disgusto, whose silent pow'r
 Leads bosoms truly great to wisdom's bow'r,
 Makes them the vanities of earth descry
 Thro' truths clear medium with a pitying eye;
 When this disgusto (whate'er the cynic own,
 Man's justly curs'd, who spends his days alone)
 When the gay round of worldly pleasure tires,
 (Sweets cloy the most, which most the soul admires)
 Fair FRIENDSHIP flies with recreating balm,
 And sooths the tumult to a pleasing calm.
 With rich contagion fill'd her genial strain
 Checks the rude sigh, and smooths the bed of pain;
 Each storm subsides to gentle peace resign'd,
 So strong the cordial sympathy of mind!

Nor less, O FRIENDSHIP, as thy sacred blaze
 A soul of complicated worth displays,
 From the pure lustre of whose deeds is shewn
 Each virtue founded on thyself alone,

For

(For reason FRIENDSHIP may the centre call,
 Their charms collecting, and uniting All)
 Thy heart, a fort impregnable within,
 Disdains the slavish intercourse of *sin* ;
 Snarling she flies, abhorrent of thy sight,
 And sinks with curses to her native night.

Foe to her own, as foe to others rest,
 Black envy shuns the mansion of thy breast ;
 The same distinguish'd seat can never prove
 The cave of rancor, and the throne of love.
 Hence, envy, hence, with hissing vipers hung,
 Blast prosp'rous goodness with malicious tongue ;
 'Tis genuine FRIENDSHIP's charitable mood
 To smile enraptur'd at another's good ;
 'Tis hers to spurn collected heaps of pelf,
 Not hate the man, that's greater than herself ;
 She shares each transport that another knows,
 And social comfort rocks her to repose.

There

THERE pride, chief *minister* of folly's land,
 Walking with kindred meanness, hand in hand,
 A ruthless tyrant without virtue known,
 Yet boasting all that's goodness for his own,
 Boasting perfection, ne'er for man design'd,
 In richest splendors beaming in his mind,
 No transient motion of the bosom guides,
 Where meekness smiles, where modesty presides;
 The bosom burning with that heav'nly flame,
 (Unjustly curs'd with pride's detested name)
 Whence manly thoughts with gen'rous freedom roll,
 That blaze of heart, that majesty of soul,
 Which conscious guilt 'midst all her joys alarms,
 And show'rs redoubled smiles on virtue's charms.

Thence too resentment's living fervors glow;
 Not he, who madly levels friend, and foe,
 Whose waste of spirits fest'ring in the mind
 Burns to embroil the quiet of mankind;
 'Gainst harmless innocence exerts his rage,
 To sex relentless, and obdur'd to age;

But

But he, exalted with a bounded heat,
 Who hurls presumption from his tow'ring feat ;
 He to whose full-blown dignity belong
 Disdain of insult, jealousy of wrong,
 The shield to virtue 'gainst corruption's slaves,
 The dread of folly, and the scourge of knaves.

Curs'd be the man, whose heart unmov'd can hear
 Vile insult sneaking in the treach'rous sneer ;
 Hear folly's crew their ranc'rous poison spit,
 While noisy dullness claims the throne of wit ;
 Wretches descanting with malicious mind
 The venial errors nat'ral to mankind ;
 Perhaps of useless forms some flight neglect,
 Some speck of heart, some bodily defect ;
 Or issuing falsehoods to inferior tools,
 Who suck the vileness of these upstart fools,
 With greedy thirst th' injurious tale devour,
 And vent the lye appointed for the hour.

C

But

But doubly curs'd, who hears with patient soul
 The streams of calumny, and slander roll;
 With savage venom who direct their dart,
 Where worth superior triumphs in the heart:
 On, gen'rous rage, with manly zeal defend
 Th' insulted virtues of an *absent friend*;
 Full to their teeth discharge th' avenging flame,
 Resound *his* goodness, and enlarge *his* fame;
 With frowns of scorn from black aspersion free;
 The stroke, which hurts thy friend, is aim'd at Thee.

This strong exertion, this expanded fire,
 FRIENDSHIP demands, and FRIENDSHIP will inspire;
 Ev'n kindling nature would impatient spring,
 To shield a *stranger* from the viper's sting.

And shall the world, a mean degen'rate race,
 Slaves to the wrong, and victims of disgrace,
 Who fondly boast, that grandeur, wealth, and pow'r,
 (Phantoms of bliss, and creatures of an hour)

Stream

Stream with unbounded raptures on mankind,
 And fill with *solid* happiness the mind,
 While virtue droops abandon'd, and forlorn,
 Inur'd to want, to sorrow, and to scorn;
 Who sail at best gay folly's silver stream,
 Pleasure their daily thought, their nightly dream;
 Their only care while present moments move,
 How the short transports of the next t' improve;
 Flush'd with the sweets, which luxury's charms dispense
 To feast the soul, and gratify the sense,
 To wants affected who enslave their heart,
 And banish'd nature sacrifice to art;
 Shall the base world a free-born mind inflame
 To worthless passions, which it's being shame?
 Hate to our kindred, coolness to our friends,
 Meer tools subservient to our selfish ends?

Shall that fond harlot INT'REST spread her charms,
 And win the soul a captive to her arms?
 Bid us with transport gilded dust behold,
 And pour devotions to the shrine of gold?

She, from whose eyes no tears of pity flow,
 Whose bosom never learn'd to melt at woe;
 Who rear'd by others' aid to scenes of pow'r,
 Her friend abandons at misfortune's hour.

Shall PRUDENCE, not the maid, whose sacred reign
 Is built on virtue fix'd by reason's strain,
 But the curs'd fiend from lethargy of blood
 Too dull the bad to hate, and love the good,
 In dead inaction lost whose pow'rs subside,
 Or flutter, like the vane, from side to side,
 Whose sense is cunning, and whose wisdom art,
 A very *BLIFIL, both in head, and heart;
 Shall Prudence, EVER bearing on her tongue
 The moralizing chime of right, and wrong,
 Borrow her rule of action from a crew,
 Who damp all merit, and all fire subdue?
 Say, shall she bid us fly the friendly door,
 Because 'its threshold leads us to the poor?

* A character, most infamously prudent, in that elegant picture of human life,
Tom Jones.

Upbraid humility's despondent state,
 And take our lessons from a wretch's hate;
 Hug ev'ry censure, second ev'ry lye,
 And view ev'n virtues with disdainful eye?

Shall FLATT'RY lure us with delusive wiles,
 Replete with rancor, tho' she's dress'd in smiles?
 A face of sweetness with a heart of gall,
 Who knows no virtue, tho' she prates of all?
 In filken fetters bind the sons of earth,
 And blast the beauties of superior worth;
 Skill'd with her honey'd nothings to control
 Superior wisdom blazing in the soul?
 ALL, all alas! to flatt'ry's music yield,
 Kings on the throne, and gen'als in the field;
 The villain's study, and the fool's employ,
 The virgin's glory, and the matron's joy;
 The young, the old *here* fix their dotting looks,
 Fops at the glass, and students at their books,

Whom

Whom reason vainly points, with solid plan,
To slide from letters to a glance of man.

Bereft of conquests, and despoil'd of crown,
Thus honest truth is banish'd with a frown ;
So lov'd is FLATT'RY, tho' experience shews
This friendly SIREN is the worst of foes.

When such the follies, such the sins which fill
The weight of action, and the scope of will,
Shall SATIRE patient of insulted fame
Unlock no terrors, but suspend her flame?
—The world may rail, my soul shall ever glow
To spurn the wretch, that dares be virtue's foe.

Point out a knave, whose only heav'n is self,
The only byass of whose heart is self ;
Whose meanness would refuse one mite to save
Son, brother, father, from th' approaching grave ;

Point

Point out a villain impious, and unjust,
 Rebel to God, and traytor to his trust;
 Who wounds with smiles, who murders with a lye,
 Proof to all shame, and slave to perjury;
 Point out the fiends, whom savage dictates move
 T' insult your kindness, and abuse your love;
 Studious of ill, and panting for offence,
 The foes of worth, the dread of innocence;
 Steel'd to affection, dead to social life,
 Who snare your sister, or attempt your wife,
 Th' affront resented, with imperious air
 Who prove their HONOR—by the sword they wear;
 While with a sneer they vindicate their shame,
 —“ What man of SPIRIT but would do the same!” —
Such the strong tyes of fondness most pretend,
Such lost to FRIENDSHIP vaunt the name of FRIEND.

From childhood's earlier dawn in mischief nurs'd,
 Replete with FOLLY, and with IGN'RANCE curs'd,

A pigmy

A pigmy stature, but gigantic soul,
Where pride's rank pride's unbounded transports roll,
 (Whose frantic streams with full conviction speak,
 That passion fiercest burns, where reason's weak)
Which envy, hatred, malice call their own,
 And stamp in scripture's spite their gloomy throne;
 (Scripture, whose *Gothic* accents make him stare,
 From fashion deem'd unworthy of a care)
Where with her sister fraud, unbridled lust
 Gives the whole heart to grovel in the dust;
Such sordid filth his sordid dictates suit
 Exalting o'er mankind th' inferior brute;
 A brain of feathers, which excis'd of sense
 Is amply fraught with callous impudence;
 An impudence that steel'd to gen'rous fear
 Makes beauty blush, and virtue shed a tear;
 A tongue, th' eternal contrast of his brains,
 Which proves, what shallow wit the head contains;
 The full-mouth'd rattle of whose 'larum's found
 To make, where meaning fails, the greatest sound;
Which

Which bauls out honor's name, a sacred guest
 Hung on his voice, tho' stranger in his breast;
 And for a *nothing* rous'd, with headlong streams
 His FRIEND calumniates, and his GOD blasphemes.

To mark, how nature frowns bereft of Grace,
 Turn to the baleful horrors of his face;
 A face, which sweetness never deign'd to rove,
 Nor gentle *Cupid* soften'd into love,
 Howe'er his wretched vanity surmise
 That *ev'ry female*, who beholds it, dyes,
 Tho' well they may—the dire disastrous sight
 Must, like the Gorgon's, kill them with affright;
 No gleam of modesty's ingenuous flame,
 Which strongly kindles to imputed shame,
 Whose manly blushes in the bosom speak
 A conscious *virtue* glowing thro' the cheek;
 But a wan paleness, sickly hues impart
 The load of rancor fest'ring at his heart.

Ev'n *there* good-nature, whom we rarely find,
 Tho' strong their union deem'd, with folly join'd,

Laments her transient smiles, unknown within,
 Distorted to the *monkey's* sneaking grin.

Such CLUDIO's features, such the flavish soul,
 Where thoughts well-suited to the body roll ;
 Where swells the torrent of fermenting blood
 Dead to all virtue, and congeal'd to good ;
 Where, while decorum cannot sooth his mind,
 Nor ties of hospitable mildness bind,
 Glares forth a *brutal gallantry* display'd
 To deeds of worthless insolence betray'd ;
 With Adder's poison black *his* lips proclaim
 The virtuous fair, and prostitute the same ;
 And fondly boast, that conscious innocence
 Did ne'er her treasures to the *Sex* dispense.

Go, little *tyrant* of the rustic race,
 Strut o'er *paternal* plains thy deeds disgrace ;
 Each WHIM, thy REASON, and thy WILL, thy LAW,
 Go, keep the *subject* villagers in awe ;
 Go, mount the steed exulting in the sounds
 Of savage huntsmen, and less savage hounds ;

Go,

Go, with ungracious scorn fantastic view
Thy older FRIENDSHIPS, and revere the new.

Let *fond divines* from Granta's *neighb'ring* seat
Hang o'er thy bowl, and revel in thy treat;
Secure at home the *rev'rend* squadron jeer,
Arm'd with the grim RHINOCEROS's sneer;
Tame let them hear thee with congenial elves
Religion scoff—vile insult on *themselves*:
Secure to genius make a BOLD pretence
Great HEBER'S CALENDAR thy source of sense;
The solid precepts of his page unfold,
Which teach to prostitute thy time, and gold;
Ne'er shall *thy* name disgrace the satire's plan,
That spurns the conduct, but laments the MAN.

Yet may the slave, whom conscious guilt pursues,
Start at this *living* picture of the muse;
The muse, who rous'd to animated ire,
Expands in virtue's cause her boundless fire.
In vain (when *polish'd meekness* hurl'd aside
Resigns her throne to arrogance and pride;

Those

Those fiends, which swell with self-convicting task
 Foul errors glaring under FRIENDSHIP's mask)
 Shall *eunuch*-threats proclaim a *big* defence,
 Meer *Ignis fatuus* of fair innocence;
 In vain *impassion'd* tears the face defile,
 Just to betray a weeping *crocodile*:
 Shall floods of *angry nonsense* load the tongue,
 And virtue sleep o'er aggravated wrong?
 The jealous queen forbids, and spurns a *Friend*,
 Who ONCE her sacred dictates dares offend.

But know, degen'rate *wretch*, whose frantic speech
 Detests the *goodness*, that you cannot reach,
 Which boldly spurns, indignant of control,
 The coward workings of a *bully's* soul,
 Know, the firm genuine strain of HONOR rules
 That bosom most, which sober reason cools;
 HONOR (whose bastard thoughts the WORLD inflame
 To deeds destructive of her sacred name,
 That servil minion to the mode of times,
 Which builds all greatness on the base of crimes)
 HONOR, with kindred virtue born to live,
 Who loaths an *insult*, she disdains to give.

F I N I S.